## EVA RAY,

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## BY PATIENCE STAPLETON. AUTHOR OF "JEAN MCCLURE," "THE MAJOR'S

CHRISTMAS," "A PLUM PUDDING," ETC. PART II.

"Your very voice is like his," said the old woman, fiercely, "what kin you do for me! Give me stolen money, dole it out to me, a pauperthe money that would a made a home of that ruin on the cliff, kept a kind husband outer his grave, a son by my side? Curses on Eric Stockdale and his, is all I've prayed over thirty years, all I shall pray to the end of time. I kin wait death where I be, it ain't long now. I'm old, broke by sorrer and trouble; it can't last much

"You must listen to me," insisted Marguerite. She went close to that stiff, old figure. With quivering lips she told the story of her life. "You see," she finished quietly, "how little I knew of my father's sin. Even the papers I found and that were sent to me were not enough to make me believe the kindest father in the world a bad man. Your lips have persuaded my heart. Is that not enough! You have convinced your enemy's daughter that her father was base and dishonest. You shall carry your hatred to me no more. My lawyer has been sent for; he will come down here, make estimates of that cargo, the value of the Argosy, and if it takes all my fortune the people here shall be paid what they lost."

"I would not touch your money," cried Mrs. Tarbox, quivering with anger. "It is blood-stained and wicked. You dare come here and buy my forgiveness! You, that man's daughter! Your very life wouldn't pay one jot of the debt! You don't know the years of misery there was seeing my son grow up poor and unlearned; of seeing my husband dead in his prime; of facing poverty, fighting hard, but ending a pauper on charity. Can you pay for that? All the money in the world can't heal a broken heart, nor bring

the dead to life." "I have not finished," said Marguerite gently, "your son-"

'What of him? Can your money bring up a drowned man from the bottom of the sea!" "You do not know that he is lost. Fishermen have told me that he was seen on the crest of a wave swimming into the fog, when the vessel went down, and that no man here could swim so well as he. There were other schooners near at hand. I am sure he was rescued." Her confidence gave that stricken heart one

ray of hope; then reason whispered how vain rescue was in a wreck on the Banks. "You don't know them Banks, Miss," she said more kindly, "like our folks do. There wan't no hope for Mason. Mebbe you mean well, but you see you can do me no good. It's useless to give me money; it is to late. Do ye well with it, an' the curse may lift off ye." She turned her back then, stirring the boiler again. Swede

Mike rolled his wild eyes, muttering "Dinner!" with hoarse eagerness. "Wal," asked the Captain as they walked away, Marguerite leaving a generous gift in the baby's wizened hand, causing the tired mother to say when alone, "Kin there be enny meanness to come o' taken them bills? but laws how little there is as is honest earnt anyhow."

"I have commenced the seige," answered Marguerite hopefully; "I shall come here every week. Little you realize what a battle you have before you, my knight errant. Will you still fight under my banner?"

"Ef by thet potry talk you're meanin' I'm ter stan' by ye, it's jist thet," said the Captain, grasping the little gloved hand in his blue mitten, knit by Ann's industrious hands.

"Me too," echoed Sol. So that strange siege began. The invaded, that stern, unforgiving old woman; the foe, Marguerite, Sol and the Captain. Over the sunlit, winter sea the white winged "Sea Gull" sped at weekly intervals; oftener when the weather grew more calm and warm. The grim old face bardened itself, the faded eyes grew colder and more defiant. But the two other paupers rejoiced; there were bountiful dinners at the farm now, and once that fair girl ate at their poor table. She brought a stranger to see Mrs. Tarbox, a city lawyer, anxious and ill at ease, doing his duty against his inclination, searching for old documents and listening patiently to stories of losses in the

"I knew all this, Miss Marguerite," he said one day; "your father told me, fearing there might be legal complications for you in the future. I never should have told you, nor did I think of a woman so noble and earnest as your-

The news went all along shore. The Argosy

of Philander Tarbox had been a household tra-

ition, but suddenly it gained new reality and

disastrous vovage were paid in full, with interest. It was like those old French war claims. The ghosts of dead fortunes coming from Congress halls resounding with eloquence of mighty men, coming to find-only moss-grown graves. Coming to go shricking away, "I am thy stolen treasure, Captain John!" or "Captain Daniel, I have returned to you, but you are dust!" Some old fishermen were yet alive, and these accepted their rightful due with scant courtesy. and many bitter complaints, "If this had a come afore she might a lived." "I might a bean a well man stider a helpless cripple." A hundred

querulous memories, outspoken and unkind. Marguerite listened with infinite patience and persevered. She never thought from the first there would be the consciousness of a good action performed in paying these debts; it was only duty, unthanked and loveless. At last there came a time, however, when grim faces lightened at her coming, and once a gray old fisherman met her on the wharf with a hearty "God bless you, young leddy; there is no one but speaks kind of ye, whatever has been said

She burst into a wild fit of sobbing, so disconcerting him that on that very night he walked out to the poor farm to beg Miss Tarbox to be forgiving. Marguerite never went to the grave under the light now, for the past had not yet been blotted out. Each day the trip to the Cape grew more difficult, and the second week in April the girl took to her bed. She quietly put aside her weary striving to make restitution, and with a sad hope that the curse had come to her in the form of kindly death, drifted into unconsciousness. Ann never left her side, and the Captain and Sol hovered miserably about her

"Poor stricken heart," the Captain mnrmured the fifth day of her sickness, "a livin' over in her mind all these sad days." "An' she cries so, too," said Sol; "allus a talkin', talkin'. I wish there never'd bean no Argosy, don't you?"

"I tell you, Mr. Barnes," cried Marguerite, wildly, "all that Argosy cost must-shall be paid. They are so unforgiving-so hard. She will not take the money; she has cursed my father, and he caunot rest in his grave!" Always before the frightened eyes of the sick girl was that stern, gloomy old face, the remembrance of the wrecked lives, the ruined home on the cliff. "And he," once she screamed, "he rises dripping

"Ay, lad," answered the Captain, tiptoeing

from the sea-the drowned man. He, too, accuses me!" The sixth day the "Sea Gull" sailed over for Marthy Pierce, for Ann was worn out with watching and worry. Sol went along full of his own schemes. When the boat landed, the Captain saw a knot of fishermen standing on the wharf. All the way across he had been wondering if Marthy Pierce would come, but said not a word of this to the wise, silent child.

bowed with weight of years and toil, came close to the bost. "How is the little leddy?" he asked, as the Captain stepped ashore. A great sob rose in the Captain's throat, a blur over his eyes. "The doctor thinks she'll die," he answered.

"What's up?" said Sol, shrilly. A fisherman

meeting the extended hand. "We'd heard it," said another; "we'd prayers for her in the school-house last night." The Captain did not ask how the ill news came so quickly, his heart was filled with the desire that she should know this. They had prayers for her, those deceived, wronged men, those gray-haired, wrinkled fishermen. Prayers for the child of the man who had blighted their lives. Eric Stockdale could rest in his grave now, and his daughter's lips might dwell on happier times. The old Argosy itself might be at anchor in the harbor, freighted with forgiveness and affection. No need to ask Marthy Pierce a second time to come, a dozen women volunteered to go, but Marthy insisted on her right. At the wharf the "Sea Gull" had to wait, though her wings were outspread, eager to hold the fresh-

ening breeze. Sol had disappeared. Sol had been very quiet all the way across filled with a weighty idea, secretly scared at his old boldness. When they reached the cape he slipped off as fast as his thin legs could carry him and ran to the poor farm. He found Mrs. Tarbox alone in the kitchen knitting a coarse blue sock for one of the paupers.

"Oho," she said, sneeringly, "I knew well enuff she'd quit comin'. "Yes," cried Sol, "but don't you talk thater way. She's goin' ter die, an' its your doin', fur all she talks of is you, an'," with a sob, "she's wuss all the time.

"Dyin" the grim lips quivered, "the pretty Sol's sharp eyes saw the hard features soften. He went on to tell all the sick girl said in her delirium, besides much she did not say. "An' everybody's furgive her but you," continued Sol; "where kin you go to but to everlastin" brimstone when you're so sot agin one."

There was a terrible struggle in that fine old face. A battle of love and forgiveness against a lifetime of wrong and payerty. At last she at the stranger carefully. A big, broad-shoul- school teacher at the Bay, a pale student work- sighed the girl.

drifted back with all her wealth, and her crew spoke, so strangely and harshly, the child looked at her in terror. "What shall I do, boy?" of frosty-bearded men, dead these many years. "Why, come, tell her yersorry." Marguerite poured out gold with a lavish hand. Children of men who had staked their all in toat "Sorry, for what!"

"Fur treatin' her so, an' not squarin' up 'bout the Argosy. If she dies how'll she know you forgive her; an' you'd better come soon." With a trembling hand the old woman reached for her ragged shawl, flung it over her bead, followed the boy out flinging the door noiselessly behind her. She outwalked him to the wharf,

where the Captain was waiting.
"Here he is!" cried the Captain, "an' by all that's wonderful, Marm Tarbox comin' too!" She passed her old neighbors without a word; there was not a quiver in her lips, a hardness in her eyes, when they went by the desolate house on the cliff, nor did she speak a word on that voyage to Seal island.

A week later Marguerite came back to consciousness. Bending over her was a quaint, small figure, a wrinkled face no longer stern and unforgiving, but loving and kind. The siege had ended, the beseiged sought the foe, surrend-ering the citadel. "God has heard my prayer." smiled Marguerite, her hand in that work hardened one, her soul at peace.

PART III. With soft spring days came health and strength, and Marguerite was well. She devoted herself to the woman who had forgiven her, and Mrs. Tarbox bloomed in dainty gowns and fine lace caps, and Magnerite called her mother. A lifetime of sorrow had been blotted out. The brave old soul could not understand it all. Her very desire for revenge had gone from her. Had she lost it by the bedside where the young life lingered by so frail a thread, or did she leave it in the pine woods at the Cape, when her heart yielded to love instead of hate, and she went to her enemy's daughter? She did not care to ask herself; she only knew she was a happier and better woman.

There had not been such a storm for years as

on the 23d of May. No ancient fisherman re-

membered such a gale on the Maine coast so late in the spring. It began with a curious flawy wind that had no settled direction; it began with a cat's paw over the waves like the passing of a black shadow. It went on in a dull quiet all day, broken only by the dreary sobbing of the sea, that greasy and gray under a sunless heaven, rolled wearily on its way. It ended at sunset with a weird, greenish sky, colored at the horizon with a lurid copper. As dark came on, there drifted across the sea one wild, shrill shrick like the death cry of a thousand tortured souls. Herald of the tempest, this one great blast opened the gates to the pent in wind-devils. How they raged! How they went galloping over the sea, hurling the frothing waters mountains high, or hiding in black hollows between the waves, dug and delved deeper and deeper like gnomes in hidden mines! How they went dancing inland in malicious merriment to toss bricks from the wide chimneys, to break the boundary lines by flinging fences askew, or far away, to make a home a ruin by lifting the sheltering roof and crushing it to the earth! How through that lonely house on the cliff. Philander Tarbox's home, they went yelling and fighting to make destruction first! How they fought against the oaken door, breaking it at last and racing through the empty rooms, hallowed by the memories of love and children's little feet, and then with devilish laughter, fled seaward through the sashless windows!

But out at sea! There was the battle-ground; there man's tiny strength had dared defy them. Ha! ha! now was revenge; now retribution! Over the tall masts, clinging to cordage, to mighty spars rollicked the wind devils. Under the heaving prow, flinging up engulfing waves, catching the groaning tiller, deafening the bronzed-faced helmsman with their shrill yells, and over the faces of the captain and crew, dropping a suffocating darkness that knew no friendly harbor, no sheltering lea of shore. Distorting the radiance of the glimmering lights over-hidden reefs, and then weary of their play, wrecking a noble bark on cruel rocks in cruel seas. Flying then with the wings of the morning, gittering over the rolling sea, to far Griffin's Head beach to gloat over their prey. Between the sea and ships there is incessant war, and the sea conquers. From Glo'ster, Marblehead, from all Massachusetts, from Boothbay, Camden, Rockland, all along shore came stories of disaster: from all the towns where men go down to the sea in ships. For that storm and all

storms there is a history writ in hearts' blood. In the golden light of morning the sea sobbed gently like a punished child wearted of its long weeping, though far out there were mighty wandering waves along the coast; as the tide went down only a long beaving swell dipped against the sea-weed. On Seal island Sol and Marguerite walked down by the breakers. They did not think of shipwreck until they saw a dead man lying near the grave by the light where the sea had wrenched a great mass of earth and rock away. Marguerite ran to the house for help. Sol, with a gruesome pleasure, knelt down by the corpre, laying his small hand on the cold face. "He feels kinder warm," mused the child. He lifted one arm that fell in a strange way. "Broke," he muttered. He looked

dered man, with a tawny beard and hair, a bronzed face and noble features. Along that black shore men are born like a Norse god, mighty and fair to look upon. They are cast in heroic mold to battle with the sea.

The stranger had fought for his life, there was a bruise on his forehead, his arm hung useless, he was barefooted, stripped to his shirt and trousers. Sol drew a mirror from his pocket, a little round glass, studded with pin-holes and pins, having also, an erasable back where one might write and wipe out with a wet finger.

"Martha Pierce sed as how 'ef there was breath in 'em it 'ud show on this!" Sol muttered laying the glass on the sailor's lips. He held it up to the light then; there was a faint blur. He rubbed it on his sleeve, tried the experiment

again, but was disconcerted.
"I'll bet I know him," said Sol suddenly ceasing his operations. "I'll bet it's—" But the Captain and Ann came at that moment, followed by Marguerite. "Gran'pa, I know who 'tis," he yelled; "it's Mason Tarbox come home drowned this time for sure!"

Together with infinite exertion they carried the dead man to the house. "I never could a done it but for you," said the Captain, "Miss Margreet you was given desprit strength."

Mrs. Tarbox had gone wandering to another part of the island, so Ann and the Captain put Mason Tarbox on his mother's bed while Marguerite heated water and blankets. There is a marvelous vitality in the sons of fishermen, that endures many a sterner shock than the wreck of the Sea King, off the whale back ledge, covered that wild May night by the sea for the first time in a quarter century—and Mason Tar-box's long swim to the light. Every other man on that ill-fated vessel was drowned, but he knew the coast, and, though the light was strange, remembered and swam for Seal island. The Sea King had just come from the West Indies. Mason Tarbox, once before adrift on a wild sea, had been rescued by this vessel and by force of circumstances made one of the crew. If he was the Jonah to others he came home safe himself. Slowly he began to remember; he felt warmth and comfort. His arm pained bim, and then he recalled a terrible blow on the rocks when he reached shore. He wondered where his mother was, thinking bitterly how little comfort

he would be: a crippled, penniless sailor.
"This is Miss Stockdale's stun' house," said the Captain, seeing the bandsome blue eyes look dreamily around; "you was found on the shore

an' brought here barf hour ago." If he could have spoken he would have begged them to set him outside, any where but in the house of his enemy. He knew about Eric Stockdale's return, had seen the stone cottage, but never the young lady. He had been taught to hate the very name of Stockdale. The loss of the Argosy had been printed in letters of fire on his childish brain, yet something of the beauty of the blue waves, the vigor of the sea air kept his nature sound and wholesome. He had no revenge, only hate. He meant to let them alone, or if some day he was rich enough (he smiled bitterly at the thought, he a noor sailor) he would fight Eric Stockdale with law weapons.

But it was such an old, old story. "Marguerite has gone for yer ma," said the Captain, gently: "soon's it's safe I'll go git the doctor, over to the Bay, for yer arm's broke. Thank God, you're alive! Jest don't try to talk; things is righter then they would be hed you bean here stiddy." Mason wondered, wondered, and then fell

"There was a stranger washed ashore here this morning, mother," said Marguerite when she found Mrs Tarbox sitting by the sea looking drearily at the white sails in the distance of ships that never brought her hope or joy. "Drownded by the storm?" "No; alive."

"Ay, some comes home outer the very jaws of death," said the old woman bitterly. "But this one-he-knows your son," stammered Marguerite. "It is my son," cried the brave heart; it's in your face, an' you brought me the news. Must

all the good come from your hand? It is coals of fire, God's vengeance. Leaning on the girl's arm she tottered to the cottage, where Mason knew her on his awakening, but puzzled sorely finding her too in the

house of his enemy. Day by day as his strength returned the story was told him. Then he asked for her. He remembered a beautiful face in the mists of his returning consciousness, and a voice that cried: "He is alive and I can tell his dear mother!" With some hesitation the Captain explained Miss Margreet was at the bay making preparations to return to the city. A few days later a solemn lawyer from the bay sailed over with papers paying Mason Tarbox and his mother the price of the Argosy and her freight. The Captain missing her sorely, went himself after Marguerite persuading her to stay a week on the island before she went away. She came, a shy shrinking figure in black, very affectionate to them all, but to Mason distant and cold. She would not hear the money mentioned, and when she was gone they only heard from her at rare intervals.

Mason, bewildered by the fortune, rejecting it in his heart, striving always to make himself believe it was honestly his, went one day to the

ing his way through college, and engaged him at a salary, princely in that region, to be his tutor on the island. All that winter the sailor worked and studied, picking up the tangled threads in the incomplete texture of his early education. People thought he was trying to be a gentleman-ignorant that they were born, not made-but Mason had a higher purpose locked securely in his own heart. One day Sol said thoughtfully: "Miss Margreet don't write on

pretty paper no more with monergrums." Mason Tarbox felt conscience stricken then. Could she have imposerished herself to make restitution? He departed for New York suddeply, and only when he returned told where

"I went to see her, mother," he said remorse-fully, "I found her in an old-fashioned house on a quiet street. She was teaching music; working for her bread when we were living in idleness on her money. I hate myself for it. She would not discuss the money, and sick at heart I went to her lawyer. He told me coldly that so large a sum as she had squandered had taken almost all ber fortune: that there was something from her mother's estate, some lands that would shortly pay her a good income. I said I could not realize such a gift as hers; that I thought she had plenty left. "She is the noblest woman I have ever known," he answered reverently; "I have read of historic women who gave their jewels to purchase war weapons for their husbands, to fit out brave crusaders, but she in our modern times, with no hope of glory, of reward, has given her all to clear her dead fath-

er's name. So I came away, mother, thinking it best to trouble her no more. In June Mrs. Tarbox wrote a beseeching letter to Marguerite. Mason was abroad with his tutor; would she not spend the summer in her old home! She accepted the invitation eagerly; she was lonely in the city, and her heart yearned for her kind old friends. She came, still in her black gown, thinner and a little pale, but a new happiness in her sweet face. Sol was her shadow now, and the old people tried in every way to make her happy. She knew that the fishermen looked upon her as a saint; where there used to be dark looks and muttered curses there were now kindly welcome and interest. It was worth a fortune; she felt and grew brighter and gayer

When she had been a fortnight on the island she said one afternoon to Soi: "I am going to my father's grave now. The past is forgotten and forgiven. I am going to tell him I have taken him back to my love as in the old days." The child followed her, locking at her quietly when she knelt a long time by the mound, her face hidden in the grass.

"Them roses was plarnted by Mis' Tarbox." he said, shrilly. "She thought you'd be pleased; an' Mason an' Granpa sot that stun wall 'round

"Father," said Marguerite, softly, "I think you know and understand, that you are glad the past is no more. You will say, when we meet again, My daughter, this lay on my dying lips, the request for you to set things right, but I could not speak, so you learned my wish through your own heart." She turned to take Sol's hand, and found herself face to face with Mason Tarbox. He was changed, marvelously improved by travel and study, and so gentle and courteous, she could only meet him kindly. She determined to return to the city, but the old people pleaded with her, and Mason himself was so brotherly and eager to make her forget the past, that insensibly she lingered. One moonlit August night the two, Mason and Mar-

where a bluff new keeper presided, though Captain Reed held authority over him. "Stay you here;" said Ann sharply as Sol started after them; "hain't you ever heerd two was company an' three a crowd? "She likes me best," sobbed Sol, "an' wants

guerite, wandered down towards the light tower

me, I know.

"Ef that could be now," muttered Ann. Mrs. Tarbox looked after the couple with wistful "Coals of fire, Ann," she said tremulously; 'but if it could only be "I must go back," said Marguerite timidly,

when they reached the point where the tower stood, a faithful sentinel. "Just a step, only to his grave," he pleaded. "And you can go there, Mr. Tarbox?" "Let the dead past bury its dead. You and I

are friends." At the mound she stopped and reached out a trembling hand, "I thank you," she said reverently, "I am so glad that he is forgiven, his sin

forgot." "If you knew," he cried augrily, "how I hate myself for taking your fortune. How I loathe the ease and comfort it gives me, I shall tell you though what I mean to do. My mother is old, I shall make no change until she leaves me forever, her's has been such a sad life that I owe her peace and content now. But when my bands are no longer tied, then Miss Stockdale every dollar of your money shall go back to your generous hands. Then thank God, I shall be free. Free to sail over that wide blue ocean, to work my man's strength, to keep my self-re-spect." There was an eager triumph in his look

"Alas, I thought you were noble and kind,"

'What do you mean?" coldly. "I thought you were willing to lift the shadow from me, to give me my youth again. But you fling back the ill-gotten money to me who have enough, and with it the old shame, the bitter regret. Say no more; from this time we shall never meet. I will hide myself from you, where you cannot find me to heap sorrow and pain upon me. Is this generous? Is it just? You a man, I a weak girl. Is it necessary to crush me with your scorn, your triumph? Shame!strange look on his face, and turned her eyes

He followed her to the rock, where she sat looking out upon the sea. "The money has brought its blessing," he said gently. Do not think me ungrateful. The fishermen here bless you, and I, too, held you in reverence. You have given me the key to an unknown world that I never should have known had not the money come back. I have gained knowledge forever locked to a work-dulled sailor; the future is bright and beautiful to me now. Then my mother is so changed, the old bitterness gone, only forgiveness and love for you." "She does not care for me," murmured Mar-guerite; "it was so hard at first."

'Who could not love you," he cried in one mad moment of passion, flinging aside all his doubts and fears, filled with the love born in his heart the first time he saw her. "Marguerite, your name is ever on my lips, your face is ever with me. I have tried to learn to be your equal. I have followed you unseen in the city, content to pass the pavement where you walked, where your shadow fell. I took your money to make it a tie between us, and yet I thought was not worthy of you; and but for this night I would not have told you. I tried to hide my love, I failed."

"Did you think of the Argosy and wish to hate me?" she said bitterly. "Not that," he cried fiercely, "don't cast the shadow of that accursed boat over our love." "Our love," she repeated. She meant to be

cold and angry, but her lips quivered. He started forward, and roughly too, for he never could estimate his giant strength; he dragged her hands from her face. Had she returned his gaze with offended eyes, or a quiver of scorn on her pretty mouth he would have left her at a look, but she only hung her head like a naughty child. "Our love, Marguerite," he said masterfully, "you love me too!"

She leaned her head on his breast with pathet-

ic dependence. "I am so tired of fighting alone." she said wearily: "the city is so dreary to a woman, and I think, Mason, the restitution has been beyond my strength. It has taken the best of my youth from me." "It will come back with love and laughter,"

he murmured fondly, "with some one to bear all your sorrows and your troubles for you." "I knew you followed me in the city," she said shyly, "I saw you and—and I used to walk where I thought you would come." "So I did not deceive you at all."

"Maf You couldn't." "Why not?" "Because, -- because," she stammered. "I oved you then as well as now. At last they started back to the cottage, Mar-

guerite encircled by her lover's arm. At the grave they stopped a moment, "Here we bury the past, dear love," he said fondly, "never upon our line must come one echo of that sad old "From me, Mason, alas no." "There would be no need, Marguerite. The delayed money has come back. If God should

dear to them as that lonely resting place at the cape where my brave old father sleeps. They shall pray for both and honor each memory alike." "See there, Mis' Tarbox," called the Captain,

give us children, my love, this grave shall be as

pointing to Mason and Marguerite, he still with his arm about her, she clinging close to him, seeing only his loving face. "Don't it do your beart good? The quaint little figure came to the door, look-

ing with dim eyes. "There is somethin' better nor revenge, Ann," he muttered; "it's love and peace. Ay, it takes me back a long journey of years. Our hearts were young, too, once."

"With them two," said Ann, "it's most like religion. It was Providence's way of settlin' a snarl an' bringin' out right in the end. An' I guess, Mis'ter Sol, she don't like you best now." "I'll git a girl myself some day," said Sol, bravely, "an' I never liked her the way he did at all. That's a grown-up like." But his lip quivered.

"See there!" called the Captain going to meet them and waving his pipe toward the sea. Close by the shore there sped in the fair soft breeze, a fishing schooner homeward bound. Sparkling diamonds of foam glittered before her bow, as she crossed a wide silver stream of moonlight, and then with illumined sails went bounding

"See there, Cap'en Mason. That was her rig an' build, that vessel of forty-nine. Seein' you two lovers fur all time, has even sot me ter thinkin' po'try; so that's her, the old Argosy, the Argosy of Philauder Tarbox, come back this night freighted with love."